

The Musical World

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MUSIC AT LEIPSIG.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Hotel de Baviere, Nov. 30.

DEAR—From October to March, Leipzig is a heaven to the musical devotee. He can satisfy his yearnings for the indefinite of sound in all sorts of manners. The church, the opera, the concert-room, the chamber, rival each other in the number and variety of their attractions. Then the quiet seclusion of the town gives an air of exclusiveness to all this enjoyment, which enhances its intensity. Before all German towns I prefer Leipzig. Berlin is too pompous and formal, Dresden too eclectic, Munich too aristocratic, Prague too Bohemian, Frankfort too motley, Vienna too bustling and Parisian. Leipzig alone has that peculiar aspect which proclaims music to be the dominant passion. The population is so modest that you seem to know everybody; and everybody has an opinion on musical matters. The *table-d'hotes* are the arenas for discussing this engrossing subject. The hour of dinner, half-past one, leaves ample time for relaxation, and no true German will work after the early afternoon. You can imagine nothing more agreeable than the *table-d'hotes*. There you meet such men as David, Gade, Hauptmann, and often even Mendelssohn himself, taking their frugal repast (that is frugal for Germany) and conversing in a tone of animation and hilarity that you have no notion of in your melancholy London dining-rooms. I am no *gourmand*, but I can assure you that at Leipzig, the approach of the dinner-hour makes my pulse beat with anticipations of coming pleasure. Dinner, in short, is the bridge which, passing over a tranquil stream of enjoyment, conducts you from the morning to the evening—it cuts the day in halves, and lays before you clearly the German maxim that eight hours are for business, eight more for pleasure, and the other eight for sleep. Who shall deny the philosophy of this? What is life without relaxation? What are riches without enjoyment? What are honours without leisure? What is ambition without sleep? Let your plodding merchant rail at German life, and dry up the moisture of his being, in a dusty counting-house; for my part, though I do not affect to despise the advantages of wealth, I like to enjoy at least a third of my existence, and eschew the living sepulture of unremitting business-habits—more especially since smoking is out of the question, that being the exclusive prerogative of steam-boats and chimneys.

One of the principal attractions of Leipzig to the lovers of music is to be found in the *Abonnement-Concerts*, held at the *Gewandhaus*. There you have the finest instrumental music executed by an orchestra equal in number and far superior in discipline to that of the London Philharmonic. There are twenty concerts during the season, which take place once a

week, beginning in October and ending in February. The life and soul of these concerts is Mendelssohn, the conductor in chief, who, by severe drilling, has brought the orchestra to a high state of perfection. Some time ago, when he first accepted his post of Director of the Music of the Church to the King of Prussia, Mendelssohn gave up the direction of these concerts and was succeeded by Ferdinand Hiller, the pianist. But though less severe than Mendelssohn, Hiller was not liked half as much by the band, and by the subscribers he was not liked at all. Finding his position disagreeable, I suppose, Hiller very soon left, and Mendelssohn, to the delight of every one, returned. He now occupies his old position, assisted by Gade, the young Danish musician, about whom a great deal has been said—perhaps more than his merits can justify. Gade is a clever man, but, under the guise of simplicity, he is a very misty composer. The *Abonnement-Concerts* have other claims upon the attention of England, since several English artists, at various epochs, have figured conspicuously in the programmes. Most of these have been vocalists:—for example, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Miss Clara Novello, Miss Lincoln, and Miss Dolby. The last named pleased most of all. They admired her voice, which besides a mellow richness of tone, has a peculiar sympathetic sensibility (so to speak) which touched the hearts of the romantic Germans. They admired her personal appearance which is highly prepossessing and lovely, and called her the Hebe of the voice (it goes better in German): but above all they admired her wild Scotch ballads—for the Germans like everything national. So great a favourite was she indeed, that at her farewell concert, Mendelssohn and David both played for her, and all the band, whom she had engaged at their usual terms, accorded their services for nothing. So that if Miss Dolby does not sometimes think of Leipzig she is a very ungrateful and marble-hearted "Hebe," which I do not imagine her to be, with her large calm eyes, and full pouting lips. Another wonderful favourite here was Sterndale Bennett, from London, also. He is considered the best pianist of Mendelssohn's school, and his compositions are placed amongst the modern *chefs d'œuvre*. Two concertos, in C minor and F minor, and the overtures to the *Naiaden* and the *Walde-nympe*, are esteemed his capital works. The overture in F sharp minor (*Parisina*) was not so well understood; some said it was too gloomy and desponding. Nevertheless I think it was Mendelssohn's (and the composer's) chiefest favourite. Bennett has played several times at the *Gewandhaus*, and has conducted concerts where his overtures have been executed, and where Mendelssohn has played a piano-concerto of Beethoven, or his own.

At the present time the *Abonnement-Concerts* are in as high repute as ever. Mendelssohn, who is also Professor of Composition and Pianoforte at the Conservatory (a kind of hono-

rary distinction in his hands, for he seldom gives lessons), directs the orchestra. At one of the concerts, lately, Madame Dulcken played his Concerto for the piano in D minor (No. 2) with very great success, Mendelssohn conducting the orchestra. At the last concert a symphony by Dr. Robert Schumann was played. It has much originality and vigour, and displays a good knowledge of the orchestra—but the outline is rambling, and the details are not clear; there is also a complete void of melody, and such strange tricks of modulation that I do not think it can ever be popular even among musicians. There was besides a new overture by Meyerbeer, composed for the tragedy of *Struensee* by his brother, Herr Beer. (Beer being Meyerbeer's real name). It is brilliant and dashing, but too theatrical for a concert-room—nor does it show much facility in counterpoint, the subjects being rather fantastically played with than cleverly developed; the orchestra is however treated with continued boldness, and often with success, and many of the combinations are novel and striking. One of the treats of the concert was Beethoven's Fourth Concerto, played by Madame Schumann very nobly, and without affectedness of style, or contempt for the sublime composer's text. This pleased all who were present, and none more than Mendelssohn. Madame Schumann is the wife of Dr. Schumann, whose symphony was played. Before marrying him she was for a long time celebrated as a pianist, and her maiden name, Clara Wieck, will be better known to amateurs throughout Europe than that she now bears. It was a long wooing before the match was made. Schumann, who composed largely, dedicated all his works to her, under the assumed name of "Eusebius." Many detached pieces for the piano became thus known from her playing them. Schumann also glorified her talent by his criticisms, in a celebrated musical journal of which he was the editor. They have, I think, resided at Vienna since their marriage, and are there at the moment I am writing, having left Leipzig the day after the concert. The next treat was a concerto composed and performed by David, for the violin. A more pure and graceful, and at the same time a more energetic and masterly performance I never heard. David is the principal Professor of the Violin at the Conservatory, and is highly esteemed both as a performer and a composer. After Spohr and Molique I certainly think him entitled to the highest place among those who have enriched the repertory of the violin with their works. David is the brother of Madame Dulcken of London. His name is Ferdinand David; be careful not to confound him with Felicien David, who since he wrote the 'Desert' has received his desert and is deserted. Now I have told you all that interested me in the concert, and must speak of other matters.

But the embryo wonder of the world of music is Joseph Joachim. You would have thought it impossible that he could ever play better on the violin than he played three years ago; but if you had heard him play Mendelssohn's Concerto, in E minor, with the orchestra, at the *Gewand-haus*, you would have been convinced to the contrary. No performance ever created a greater sensation at Leipzig. It was literally perfection, and the music itself—beautiful as it is, being certainly one of Mendelssohn's most finished and exquisite works—seemed, if possible, more beautiful than before. The little violinist was applauded with rapturous enthusiasm. You will, I know, be pleased to hear that Joseph Joachim is hard at work composing. He receives counterpoint lessons from Hauptmann, Professor at the Conservatory, and constant advice from Mendelssohn. Hauptmann is regarded as a very accomplished musician; his compositions are numerous, and though they do not evince indications of decided genius they are extremely fanciful and

clever. Joachim has lately composed a violin concerto, a quartet, three movements of a symphony, and, last and best, a sonata for pianoforte and violin. If the precocity he displays do not, as in many similar instances of juvenile talent, early run to seed, Joseph Joachim will become, beyond a question, one of the first composers in Europe.

An event of great interest to all the musical inhabitants of Leipzig is the arrival here of Moscheles, the renowned pianist and celebrated composer. Moscheles has accepted the post of principal professor of the pianoforte in the Conservatory. This will involve the necessity of his settling among us, a step which will be of the highest benefit to art, and to the students of the Conservatory. The manner in which Moscheles has been every where received, must have convinced him how entirely his worth is appreciated. His friend and fellow-professor, Mendelssohn, welcomed him with open arms. I believe, indeed, that it was at Mendelssohn's suggestion that Moscheles consented to leave England, where for nearly a quarter of a century he had been earning wealth and fame, and fix himself in this secluded habitation of the muses. He was not long here before he was compelled to play, and his masterly performance at the concert for the benefit of the Orchestral Fund, proved that he is as admirable a pianist as ever. Nothing could have exceeded the warmth and unanimity of the plaudits which greeted his appearance, and followed the conclusion of his labours. Moscheles will play Beethoven's C minor concerto at the next *Abonnement Concert*. After this, he will leave us for a time, intending to spend the Christmas holidays with some old friends at Hamburg. He will return, however, on the 8th of January, and commence his duties at the Conservatory. It is not improbable that, next spring, you may have a flying visit from him in London.

What with the *Euterpe* and *Liedertafel* Societies, the church music, the quartet meetings at the *Gewand-haus*, and the *Abonnement-Concerts*, I have so much music that I almost live upon it morning, noon, and night. But it is all excellent and nourishing food—none of your trivial benefit concerts, but for the most part good, solid stuff. I fear, however, I have exceeded all reasonable limits in this epistle, and shall therefore defer what more I may have to say, until an opportunity offer for sending you another. In the meantime, with best remembrances to our common friends in smoky London, believe me, dear — ever yours, Q.

P. S. Mendelssohn is enchanted with the reception of his *Elijah* at Birmingham. He speaks in high terms of Lockey, the tenor; but I fancy he would have preferred having Miss Dolby for the *contralto*. He has recorded a great portion of the second part, and you must not be surprised to find him in London next season, conducting a performance of the Oratorio at Exeter Hall.

TO A LADY SUBSCRIBER.

HOMAGE to our fair subscriber from Bridgewater! She is the pink of courtesy and the pearl of discretion. How can we satisfy her inquiring soul? Let us try? *Why is it the twenty-third and yet not the twenty-third?* Because the new opera with the old heroine might suffer by comparison with the old opera and the new heroine. Nevertheless on the twenty-third, and not before the twenty-third, the term of compact will expire. *Why is it not the new opera and the new heroine?* Because the gambols of Monsieur Arlequin are costly, and added to the appointments of the new heroine would be too large a burden for the director's shoulders, and unnecessary withal. This also explains why the composer of the new opera

does not avail himself of the services of the new heroine—he would if he could. The other composer of the new opera is in the same predicament—he would if he could. The opinions attributed to both these composers of new operas, exist only in the confused pericranium of the old lady who libels Orpheus in the unread provincial paper which publishes his effusions; the old lady who libels Orpheus, we repeat, by composing twaddle under Orpheus' name. We are intimate with both the composers of the new operas, and have heard them express opinions exactly opposite; and they are not men to blow hot and cold. If "Orpheus" continue to deceive the credulous provincial journal, we shall publish his name and state the reason of his folly; we can do both.

SOPHIE FUOCO.

Our first impressions of this young priestess of Terpsichore have been strengthened and confirmed by subsequent experience. Sophie Fuoco has a brilliant prospect before her. Let her but continue to study with the zeal and unremitting application that have marked her early career and there is no knowing to what she may aspire. The mantle of Fanny Ellsler may not ungracefully fall upon her shoulders in the progress of time, though now she is of course too young, scarcely eighteen summers having flown over her head, to wear it. Sophie Fuoco has strength, health, natural grace, a piquant and agreeable person, and a world of ambition. These are the seeds of excellence, these are the buds which the sun of public favour will ripen into celebrity. Courage, little Sophie! you have already, with your twinkling feet, pretty smile, and girlish animation, won a corner in the heart of Paris and of London, who, both see in you the rising star. Courage, then! Go on as you have begun, and strive to gain a niche in that glorious temple of which Ellsler, Heberle, Taglioni, Cerito, Grahn, and Carlotta Grisi, are the presiding deities. You have but to will, and you will find the energy to accomplish. You have all that is required within to become one of the best of them. Your aim should be the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden. *Va toujours, la jolie petite Sophie! Fais si bien qu'on ne puisse pas se dispenser de vous, que le nouvel opera ne puisse pas marcher sans tes pieds mignons!* Seriously, we think the Covent Garden management should keep an eye on Sophie Fuoco. She would make a brilliant satellite for Ellsler, the planet of their ballet-destiny. Indeed, without her, how can they expect to wrestle with Mr. Lumley's overwhelming forces?

SIVORI IN AMERICA.

(From the Boston Messenger.)

CAMILLO SIVORI, the unrivalled violinist and only pupil of Paganini, gave his first Concert last evening at the Melodean, and though the weather was unpropitious he had a large auditory, who we need not say were delighted and entranced, by the skill, the genius, and dexterity of the Genoese. Never have we seen a Boston audience so excited. It seemed as if for this evening they had thrown aside their usual puritanic demureness, and were luxuriating in a world of sweet tone, while at every pause their hearts and souls dictated the rounds and rounds of applause, which came from every part of the house. Critics and amateurs, who we know attended the concert, rather prepossessed, than otherwise, against the musician, were among the first to yield, and as Sivori proceeded, now delighted by the purity of his style, and the soft tones he drew forth; now astonished by the rapidity of

his movements and captivating eccentricities, they almost rose from their seats, as if they feared one tone might be lost, or linger in the air. Words are inadequate to express the feeling which pervades the soul, while listening to Sivori's performance. A new existence seems opened, an indescribable emotion steals over the senses, and though this feeling is but momentary, it is purifying and ennobling. "Divinely sweet," says Mrs. Childs, "were the tones of Sivori's violin, and marvellously beautiful was the skill with which he played upon it; but it was a calm, delicious pleasure, which increased the more I listened." There seems no tone out of place in Sivori's playing, and though at times he astonishes, he does not startle. From the time he commences, the ear of the auditor seems attuned, and his transitions so wonderful, and brilliant, enchain the attention, and we feel that there can not a single fault be found. His famous *Carnival of Venice* produced as anticipated, a grand effect. The tones that he drew forth, like the soft voices of angels, interrupted so suddenly by harsh sounds as of demons—the fantastic music so varied and beautiful—musical notes and discordant sounds—all were most admirably displayed, and the best testimony of the just appreciation of this performance, was the loud and prolonged applause of the audience. We have not at present time to speak more fully of this concert, but we must not omit to mention Signora Pico and Miss Northall, whose performances on this evening were most enthusiastically received.

[In a second letter from our correspondent, we have more news of Sivori, Herz, and Meyer. It shall appear in our next.—Ed. M. W.]

MONUMENT TO SHAKSPERE.

To Women, and Englishwomen in particular.

Is it not a reproach to us, that, while testimonials in honour of Carnage, Worldly Rank, Earthly Riches, and many other things with which we have, or ought to have, but little sympathy in the abstract, are perpetually being suggested and supported by our influence direct or indirect, no effort has hitherto been made to pay enduring tribute and ostensible homage to the man, of all created beings, to whom we women owe the deepest gratitude? Has not SHAKSPERE been our own especial Poet—the Laureate of our best qualities—the champion of our dearest rights—and the chief means of indicating and establishing our true social position? Has he not typified wifely purity in Desdemona; strong-hearted constancy in Helena and Juliet; gentlest forgiveness and endurance in Imogen; maidenly delicacy in Miranda; sisterly tenderness in Celia; chastity and holiness in Isabella; courage and spotless virtue under roughest fortune in Marianna; maternal affection in Constance; intellectual energy, and modest worth in Portia; gay animation and sprightly wit (so valuable in adorning a man's home, and enabling him to pass lightly through the "briars" of this working-day world") in Rosalind and Beatrice; and has he not given subtlest acknowledgment of the "one touch of nature"—the womanly emotion lurking in even the most depraved female heart—when he makes the ambitious Lady Macbeth shrink from murdering the old king because he resembled her own father as he slept? And shall it be said that a memorial exists in sternest bronze, cast from death-dealing cannon, and erected in honour of War and its attendant horrors by the Women of England, and placed in their thronest thoroughfare, where the steps of their infants daily resort, and yet that no public symbol is in being to testify the gratitude and love of his countrywomen towards their best benefactor and friend—our beloved SHAKSPERE? As it is believed that

this gratitude and veneration for Shakspeare's memory undoubtedly lives in the hearts of women, and that the reason it has as yet assumed no demonstrative and public form is because, hitherto, no tangible mode has been suggested for displaying their feeling towards him, it has been proposed that a Statue of Shakspeare shall be executed by an English sculptor, and erected in the most public spot that can be devised for the purpose. That cliff at Dover, which Shakspeare has himself distinguished by his immortal description, was pointed out as an appropriate pedestal; but as the parks are the daily resort of the Londoners, and frequently visited by strangers coming to the Metropolis, it is thought the centre of Hyde Park would form the best possible site. The costs to be defrayed by voluntary subscriptions, unlimited in amount, from the sempstress's humble penny to the royal donation; and as the worship in which he is held is universal—

I the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a swan's nest;

so "livers out of Britain" are included, and contributions will be received from women of all Nations to raise a monument to the World's Poet—SHAKSPEARE.

MARY COWDEN CLARKE,
Green Hill Cottage, Bayswater.

The following is proposed to form the tablet:—

INSCRIPTION.

IN HONOUR OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

THIS STATUE IS ERECTED BY WOMANKIND,
AND IN TESTIMONY THAT THEY ESTEEM HIM AS
THEIR GREATEST HUMAN BENEFACITOR.

Enclosed in the first stone laid, will be a list of the subscribers' Names. Subscriptions received at the Banking-house of Messrs. Coutts and Co.

[We have given the above insertion in our columns as we consider the intention in every way laudable and amiable: viz, a monument about to be bestowed on the greatest of all poets by that sex who are so deeply indebted to him, for their exaltation in his most exquisite delineations. The tribute is long due.—ED. M. W.]

THE ORGAN AT BOSTON CHURCH.

(From the Norfolk Chronicle.)

This instrument, built by Bernard Schmidt, better known as "Father Smith," who came over to this country, about 1663, had for some time previous to the election of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Bexfield, as organist, been greatly neglected, and fallen into great disorder; as our readers may imagine when we tell them, that the *Boston Herald* says, "six or seven scuttles full of dust, were, a week or two since, taken out of the interior works." It has recently undergone complete repairs, great additions being made to it; and was re-opened by Mr. Bexfield, on Sunday week; on which occasion the church was crowded, both morning and afternoon, and in the evening there was one of the largest congregations ever seen in the church, upwards of 2000 people being present.—The musical selection appears to have given the utmost satisfaction; and our contemporary, [the *Boston Herald*] says, "the improvement in the organ is almost incredible; every one who heard it was delighted." The great organ "contains 795

pipes: the choir, 258; the swell, 259; and the pedal, 87; total, 1399." The large trumpet pipe (made of tin and lead) is 16 feet long, and two feet three inches in circumference. The large wood pipe, (which weighs about 3 cwt.) is 16 feet long, and an inch and a quarter thick, being 17 inches by 18 inches and a half in diameter. The pedal pipes do not lie down, but stand up in the great organ case. The following is a list of the stops:—

Great Organ.—Open Diapason, 1; open diapason, 2; stopt diapason; principal; twelfth; fifteenth; sesquialters, (17th, 19th, and 22nd); mixture, (FLAT 21st, and another mixed rank); cornet, (5th and 10th); claribella; flute c'bec, and trumpet. **Choir Organ.**—Stopt diapason, dulciana, flute, principal, clarinet. **Swell Organ.**—Open diapason, stopt Organ. Great open diapason, ecc; double bourdon, ecc; double trumpet, ecc. **Couplers.**—Pedals to great, swell to great, and choir to great. A set of composition pedals.

[The restoration of this organ cannot but be beneficial to the progress of art in Boston, and the development of its qualities could hardly be placed in more trustworthy hands than Mr. W. R. Bexfield's.—ED.]

DICKENS AND SMITH.

(From the "Globe.")

The public, when once pleased with an author, are too apt to make him their idol until they become tired of his works, and until then they are much too little inclined to do justice to those of equal or even superior merit, who may be contemporary with their favourite. Such we think, especially the case in the treatment of the two authors' works we are now examining. Dickens is a man of remarkable genius; but his genius is of a peculiar kind, the sphere of which is very limited, and is already exhausted. The furnishing up of old characters, the tinelling over of old pictures, is all that is left for him; and of such his present publication consists. It is urged by many that Albert Smith takes him for his model; we cannot agree to this. Dickens wrote to amuse the world with the eccentricities of the individuals composing the great human family, and he succeeded, not because he adopted any peculiar style, but because he wrote truly. Had Dickens been a painter, he would have been the Hogarth of his day. "Box," however, began to decline in popularity the moment he left the rigid paths of truth, and began to dress her in a style peculiarly his own. Then it was he foisted upon the public those absurdities which only awoke the echo of the burst of applause which greeted his earlier works. The public were still pleased, whether the "kettle began it, or the "cricket," no matter which; they good naturedly determined to be pleased with the man who had hitherto afforded them so much amusement. But the critical portion were not satisfied; the fanciful dashes of the author obscured the picture, its truthful outlines were lost by his flourishes. These we maintain, do not yet disfigure the works of Albert Smith; he has merely chosen the same road to popularity which Mr. Charles Dickens did at the commencement of his career, and we think he has well chosen it, for the public taste is decidedly in favour of it. He has followed the public taste, not copied Mr. Dickens. In "Dombey and Son," if the characters are interesting, or ludicrous, they are invariably over-strained. Take the principal (at present,) Mr. Dombey, and suppose such an individual to exist. He must be an exception to everything we have known in life—he must be some monster, only known to a few individuals of this world, and most kindly kept from the knowledge of the rest; for would it not rather be a pain than a pleasure to know that selfish human nature could be so utterly selfish, so entirely wrapt up in the absorbing cares of self, as to be so unamiable and tyrannical to all around him? Can we fancy a man—a father—disliking to hear the sweet accents of his lovely first-born, merely because she is not a boy? We have heard of mothers showing less affection to their female children; but can a father—can a man? If he can, then he is an unnatural monster, the contemplation of whose character is unlikely to afford pleasure to any but vitiated minds. Examine the other characters: take Dr. Parker Peps. Very laughable, truly, but a perfect libel upon the profession to which he belongs, and utterly out of keeping. Mr. Dombey's wealth could command first-rate talent; and who that knows anything of the higher walks of the medical profession can conceive the bare possibility of such a character existing, even in medical mediocrity? A century since, such nonsense might have been passable; at present, if such characters form a portion of society, it is only among quacks and pretenders to the medical science. Look at the contrast in "Christopher Tadpole." Dr. Aston is a perfect

picture of a country surgeon; nothing exaggerated, nothing wanted. We know a dozen who would answer the description to the letter. There is also a death scene in the first number of each. Mr. Dickens gives his description as if from hearsay; Mr. Smith describes the painful scene with the consciousness and force of an artist practically acquainted with his subject. "Dombey and Son" has other disadvantages over "Christopher Tadpole." Read the two first numbers and you are master of the whole plot; but at the end of the third part of Mr. Smith's work we are in an unhappy uncertainty as to the fate of any of the characters—a state of feeling very conducive to the greater enjoyment of the story. In descriptions of scenes, places, and persons, Albert Smith is less verbose than "Box;" but certainly does not yield to him in truthfulness and vividness. "This will be denied by those who know the 'rare old city of Chester,' the salt works and mines of Northwich and Nantwich, and the other localities indicated. The literary *swire* is a masterpiece of humorous writing. In London life Mr. Smith is at home, and certainly does not copy any one; the great book lies before him, and well does he know how to decipher its pages. Mrs. Hamper (in our estimation) is a most admirably drawn character. Her ride to London in the ginger-beer cart is exquisitely ludicrous, although it has none of the crack-crack-crack, crick-crack-crack, jolt-jolt-jolt of Dickens's style about it, and we think it is well dispensed with. Her companion, Mr. Skitter, is an every-day character in London life, and will be instantly recognised by every one acquainted with that particular phase of society in which low English wit is found to attain its highest perfection. Albert Smith has made this his particular study, and, in our opinion, surpasses Dickens. He may not crowd so many witty sayings into one person's mouth; but he puts in quite as many as are natural, or as we have any right to expect; above all, he does not tire his readers with that incessant repetition which is the bane of "Box's" later works. In pathetic matters we certainly give Charles Dickens the preference. He can be exquisitely pathetic; he can arouse the tenderest feelings of our nature with extraordinary power. But we prefer to laugh with Albert Smith, for we feel that the titillation of our risible faculties arises not so much from the caricature of the scenes he depicts, as from their vivid truthfulness.

THE AFFINITIES.

from the German of Göthe.

(Continued from page 623.)

PART I.—CHAPTER VII.

WHILE Charlotte found a common occupation with the Captain, it was a natural consequence that Edward associated more with Otilia. A great kindly inclination in his heart had for some time spoken in her favour. To every one else she was serviceable and obliging; but it appeared to his self-love, that she was particularly so to him. No questions were asked. She had accurately observed what articles of food he liked, and how he liked them dressed, how much sugar he was in the habit of taking with his tea—in short, of many trifles of the kind, not one had escaped her. She was especially careful to ward off all draughts, in respect of which he was excessively sensitive, and on this account had many disputes with his wife, who could not have air enough. In the orchard and flower-garden she exhibited the same tact. Whatever he wished, she endeavoured to forward, whatever was likely to make him impatient, she endeavoured to obviate, and this to such a degree, that in a short time she became a guardian genius, with whom he could not dispense.—nay he had even begun to find that her absence was actually painful to him. It must be added that she appeared more frank and loquacious, as soon as they were left alone.

In spite of increasing years, Edward had always retained something child-like in his disposition, which was particularly congenial to the youth of Otilia. They loved to dwell on former times, when they had first seen each other, and these circumstances went back to the first epoch of Edward's inclination for Charlotte. Otilia endeavoured to remember them as the handsomest pair at court, and when Edward told her that she must have been too young to remember any thing of the kind, she maintained that one circumstance was completely present to her mind, namely, that once on Edward's entering she had hidden herself in Charlotte's lap, not from fear, but from childish surprise. She might have added, that it was because he had made so lively an impression upon her—had so well pleased her.

In this new position, many of the occupations which the two gentlemen had undertaken in concert, came in some measure, to a stop, and they found it necessary to take another survey, to sketch

out some plans, to write some letters. They therefore went to their office, and there they found the old copyist unemployed. Setting themselves to work, they gave him an occupation likewise, but they did not remark, that they imposed upon him, much that they had been accustomed to do themselves. The Captain's first plan, and Edward's first letter proved failures at once. For a length of time they tormented themselves with drawing up and copying, until Edward, who got on the worst of the two, asked what o'clock it was.

Then it appeared that the Captain had forgot to wind up his chronometer for the first time since many years, and all appeared to suspect, if not to feel, that time was becoming a matter of indifference.

While the men thus somewhat slackened in their exertions, the activity of the ladies was increasing. In general the ordinary routine of a family, which proceeds from the given persons, and from necessary circumstances, receives into itself, as into a vessel, even an extraordinary inclination or growing passion, and a considerable time may elapse before this new ingredient causes a perceptible fermentation, or foams over the brim.

With our friends, the inclinations, which grew on each side, were productive of the pleasantest effects. Their minds opened, and a general feeling of goodwill arose from that possessed by each person in particular. Every member of that little party felt happy, and willingly awarded happiness to the rest.

Such a situation elevates the mind, while it expands the heart, and all that one does and undertakes has a tendency towards the boundless. Thus our friends were no longer confined within their own residence. Their walks became longer, and if Edward went first with Otilia to choose the paths, and as it were, beat the ways, the Captain and Charlotte engaged in interesting conversation, and taking pleasure in many an undiscovered spot, many an unexpected prospect, calmly followed the track of their more rapid precursors.

One day their walk took them down through the gate of the right wing to the inn, over the bridge, and towards the ponds, along which they proceeded, as far as it has been usual to follow the course of the water, the bank of which inclined by a bushy hill, and further on by rocks ceased to be passable.

But Edward, rendered familiar with the spot by his hunting expeditions, pressed forward with Otilia, along a path now grown over, well knowing that the old mill, which was hidden among rocks, could not be at a great distance. But the path had been little trodden, and losing the trace of it, they now found that they had strayed into some thick brushwood, growing among some masses of mossy stone. Their embarrassment, however, did not last long, for the noise of the mill-wheels announced to them the vicinity of the spot which they sought.

Stepping forward on a cliff they saw the strange black old wooden edifice in the valley before them, overshadowed by steep rocks, and by lofty trees. They resolved, without more ado, to go down over the moss and the fragments of rock. Edward went first, and when he looked up, and saw Otilia lightly stepping after him from stone to stone, without the slightest appearance of fear or uneasiness, and preserving the nicest balance, he fancied that he saw some heavenly being soaring above him. And when at several unsafe spots, she seized his outstretched hands, or supported herself on his shoulder; he could not deny that this was the most delicate female creature that had ever touched him. He was almost tempted to wish that she might stumble, or that her foot might slip, on purpose that he might catch her in his arms, and press her to his heart. But this he would not have done on any account, and for more than one reason; he feared to offend her—to injure her.

What is meant by this, we shall learn at once. For when Edward had descended the declivity, and sat opposite to her at the rustic table, beneath the tall trees, and the hospitable miller, and his good-humoured wife were sent, the former to meet Charlotte and the Captain, and the latter for milk, he began after some hesitation to address her as follows:—

"I have a request to make, dear Otilia, which I beg you will excuse, even if you do not grant it. You do not conceal the fact—nay, it needs no concealment, that you wear under your dress, and against your bosom a miniature portrait. It is the picture of your father, an excellent man, whom you scarcely knew, and who, in every sense, deserves a situation near your heart. But pardon me

for saying that the picture is too large, and the metal and glass create in me a thousand alarms, when you raise a child into the air, or carry something before you,—when the couch reels,—when we go through the brushwood,—and just now, as we descended the rocks. The possibility that any shock, fall, or collision might prove injurious, nay, fatal to you, is to me absolutely horrible. Do me the favour of removing the picture, not from your memory—not from your room,—nay, give it the most beautiful, the holiest place in your residence. Only remove from your bosom, a thing, the proximity of which appears to me so dangerous, perhaps from an overstrained anxiety on my part."

Ottília was silent, and while he spoke, had looked straight before her. Then without either hurry or hesitation, and with a look directed rather towards heaven than towards Edward, she unfastened the chain, drew out the picture, pressed it against her forehead, and handed it to her friend, with the words: "Take care of it for me, till we reach home. I have no better way of shewing you how much I value your kind anxiety."

Our friend did not venture to press the picture to his lips, but he caught her hand, and pressed that to his eyes. Perhaps they were the loveliest pair of hands that were ever clasped. He felt as if a stone had fallen from his heart—as if a partition between himself and Ottília was removed.

Charlotte and the Captain, conducted by the miller, descended by a more convenient path, greetings were exchanged, and the parties refreshed themselves. They did not wish to return by the way they had come, and Edward proposed a rocky path on the other side of the brook, upon which the ponds again became visible, as, with some exertion, they pursued their course. Now they went through a wood in which there were many openings, and saw, as the foliage allowed them, several villages, towers, and farms, with their green and fertile environs. Then came a farm which stood at the top, snugly enveloped by the trees. From the gently sloping summit, the whole riches of the place on either side appeared most beautiful, and from this spot they proceeded to a cheerful little wood, on leaving which they found themselves on the rock opposite the castle.

How delighted were they when, somewhat unexpectedly, they reached this point! They had gone round a little world, and now stood on the spot where the new building was to be erected, and again looked into the windows of their residence.

They descended to the moss-cottage, and it was the first time that all four had assembled there. "Nothing was more natural than the expression of a general wish, that the present path, along which they had come slowly, and not without difficulty, might be so conducted and arranged as to be used sociably, leisurely, and with comfort. They all brought forward some proposal, and it was calculated that the path on which they had spent many hours, would, if well constructed, lead back to the castle in one. Already in their thoughts did they plan a bridge below the mill, where the brook flowed into the pond, which would at once shorten the road and adorn the prospect, when Charlotte ordered a stop to the inventive imagination, reminding them of the expenses which would be required for such an undertaking.

"For that," said Edward, "we may easily provide. We have only to sell yonder building in the wood, which seems so beautifully situated and which brings in so little, and lay out the proceeds on these plans. Thus in an invaluable walk we shall delightfully enjoy the interest of a well-employed capital, whereas now, when we make up our accounts at the end of the year, we are annoyed to find that we have a very scanty income."

Charlotte, as a good economist, could not make any great objection to this arrangement. Indeed the matter had been talked over before. Now the Captain wished to form a plan for dividing the pieces of land among the peasants in the wood, but Edward wished to go to work by a shorter and more convenient method. According to his notion, the present tenant, who had already made proposals, was to keep possession, and pay by instalments, and by instalments also these expedient plans were to be carried out.

Such a rational and economical plan could not fail to meet general approbation; and the whole party already saw in their minds the new winding-paths, on which and near which they hoped to discover the pleasantest spots, both for resting and for viewing the prospect.

To bring all the details more completely present to their minds, they took out the new chart, when at home in the evening. They looked at the path along which they had come, and considered how, in many places, it might be improved with advantage. All the earlier plans were again talked over, and combined with the newest notions; the site of the new house, opposite the castle, was once more approved, and the circular course of the path was decided upon.

Ottília had preserved a perfect silence on the matter, when at last Edward presenting her with the plan, which had hitherto lain before Charlotte, wished her to give her opinion. When she hesitated, he encouraged her in the kindest manner to speak, saying, that all was yet a matter of indifference, nothing having been brought into operation.

"I," said Ottília, placing her finger on the highest piece of flat ground on the hill, "would build the house here. We should not indeed see the castle, for it is concealed by the wood; but, on the other hand, we should find ourselves in another and a new world, since the village and all the dwellings would be concealed at the same time. The view of the ponds, the mill, the heights, the mountains, the country, is uncommonly beautiful. I observed it as we went along."

"She is right!" cried Edward, "how could that fail to strike us! Exactly—this is what you mean, is it not, Ottília?" And taking a pencil he marked a somewhat long parallelogram strongly upon the heights.

This cut the Captain to the heart, for he did not like to see his careful, neatly-drawn plan so utterly disfigured. However, he restrained himself, after a slight expression of disapproval, and then agreed to the notion.

"Ottília is right," he said: "does not one readily take a long walk to drink some coffee, or to enjoy some fish, that would not taste so well at home? We require change, and new objects. In building the castle, the old proprietors showed their sense, for it is protected from the winds, and lies close to all the needful articles of the day; but a building intended not so much for a residence as for a social resting-place, will be well placed on that spot, and the fine season will afford us the pleasantest hours."

The more the plan was discussed, the better it appeared, and Edward could not conceal his triumph at the fact, that the thought had originated with Ottília. He was as proud on this account as if the invention had been his own.

PART I.—CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY in the morning the Captain examined the spot, and in the first place made a hasty sketch. Afterwards, when they all decided once more on the situation, he made a more accurate one, with an estimate, and everything that was requisite. There was no want of necessary preparation. The affair of selling the farm was again taken in hand; and altogether the men found a new occasion for joint activity.

The Captain suggested to Edward that it would be a compliment, nay, an act of justice to celebrate Charlotte's birthday by laying the foundation-stone. It did not take much to conquer Edward's old dislike of such festivities, for the sudden thought struck him, that he would likewise solemnize Ottília's birthday, which occurred somewhat later.

Charlotte, to whom the new plans, and all that belonged to them, appeared important, serious, nay, almost hazardous, occupied herself by once more going over the estimates, and the divisions of time and money. During the day they saw less of each other, and hence in the evening they sought each other with so much the greater eagerness.

In the meanwhile Ottília was perfectly mistress of the household. Indeed with her quiet, sure mode of conduct, it could not be otherwise. Her whole disposition was fitted to the house, and the domestic, rather than to the world, and an out-of-door life. Edward now observed, that she went out only to oblige the others, that it was only from a notion of social duty, when she stopped out longer in the evening, and that often she made a pretext of something to do, in order to return home again. However, he now contrived that the rambles which they all took together should be such, as to enable them to return before sunset, and he began—what he had long neglected—to read poems aloud, especially those into the

delivery of which the expression of a pure but passionate love might be introduced.

In the evening they usually sat round a little table, each at a fixed place. Charlotte was on the sofa, Ottilia on a seat opposite, while the men occupied the two other sides. Ottilia sat to the right-hand of Edward, which was the direction to which he pushed the candle when he read. Then Ottilia moved closer to him, to look into his book, since she also trusted her own eyes rather than the lips of others, while Edward, too, moved closer on his side, to accommodate her in every respect. Nay, he often made pauses longer than was necessary, on purpose that he might not turn over till she had come to the end of a page.*

Charlotte and the Captain remarked this, and often looked smiling at each other. Both, however, were astonished at another sign, by which Ottilia's quiet inclination happened to be manifested.

Once, when the evening had been broken by a tedious visit, and therefore partly lost to the little society, Edward proposed that they should still remain together. He felt inclined to take up his flute, which he had neglected for a long time. Charlotte looked for the sonatas, which they had usually played together, and when they were not to be found, Ottilia, after some hesitation, confessed that she had taken them into her own room.

"And you can—you will—accompany me on the piano?" cried Edward, his eyes beaming with joy. "I think," replied Ottilia, "that we can manage it."

She brought down the music, and seated herself at the piano. The hearers were attentive, and felt greatly astonished to find how perfectly Ottilia had by herself studied the piece, and still more surprised to find how she could fit it to Edward's style of playing. Nay, "fit" is not the right expression, for if it depended on Charlotte's talent and free will to accommodate her now delaying, now hurrying husband by pausing here, and keeping up with him there, Ottilia, who had sometimes heard them play the sonatas, seemed only to have learned them according to the way in which Edward accompanied. She had already made his faults so completely her own, that the result was a kind of living whole, which did not proceed quite correctly according to tune, but which nevertheless was very agreeable and pleasing. The composer himself would have felt pleasure in having his work so charmingly distorted.

Charlotte and the Captain looked at this strange unexpected circumstance in silence, and with the feeling, with which one often surveys childish actions, which one cannot exactly approve, on account of their dangerous consequences, but which, at the same time, one cannot blame; nay, perhaps is forced to envy. Perchance properly speaking, the mutual inclination of Edward and Ottilia was as much in its growth as the peculiarities of children—nay, was perhaps the more hazardous, from the fact, that both were more serious, more self-confident, and more capable of sustaining themselves.

The Captain began to feel, that an irresistible habit threatened to chain him to Charlotte. Exercising his self-command, he contrived to avoid the hour at which Charlotte was in the habit of visiting the improvements, by rising early in the morning, and then, when he had arranged everything, retiring to work to his wing in the castle. At first Charlotte thought this was merely accidental, and looked for him in all public places. Then she fancied she understood him, and esteemed him so much the more.

But if the Captain avoided being alone with Charlotte, so much the greater was his activity in hastening the preparations for solemnizing the approaching birth-day with due brilliancy. While he conducted the road from below upwards, behind the village, he also worked downwards from above, under the pretext of breaking stones, calculating that the two portions of the road should not meet till the last evening. For the new house the excavation had been broken rather than dug, and a beautiful foundation stone with hollowed recesses and metal-plates had been hewn out.

This external activity, these little friendly secret designs, accompanied as they were by feelings more or less suppressed, rendered the conversation of the party, when all were assembled, much less

animated; and Edward, who felt there was a gap, one evening asked the Captain to take up the violin, and accompany Charlotte on the piano. The Captain could not resist the general wish, and thus they both with feeling, ease and freedom, performed together one of the most difficult pieces of music in a manner that gave the greatest pleasure both to themselves and the two listeners. They promised that they would repeat their music often, and practice it more frequently together.

"They do it better than we do Ottilia!" said Edward. "We wish to admire them, but to delight ourselves at the same time."

(To be continued.)

*. To prevent misunderstanding it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

NO. XII.

Oh, leave me not my dearest, I implore,—

Thou source of ev'ry heart-consuming sigh;

Thou cause of wild, and scarce less mournful joy,

Thou whom with mad devotion I adore.

My very soul I feel that I could pour,

Into one poignant supplicating cry:

Oh leave me not, my love, or I shall die—

How could I live and never see thee more?

The world is dark'ning,—'tis a weary life

Of ev'ry tranquil happiness bereft,—

A life compos'd of sorrow, fear, and pain.

But though my heart is torn by ceaseless strife,

One bitter cup is still untailed left—

Thine absence.—Leave me not, I cry again.

N. D.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

DRURY LANE.—Madame Bishop appeared for the last time, according to the bills, at this Theatre on Thursday night, in the *Maid of Artois*, and a more brilliant performance we never witnessed. The house was crowded in every part with the elite of the rank and fashion at present in the metropolis, (including Prince George of Cambridge, who expressed his delight throughout the evening most energetically) and the triumph of the fair *cantatrice* exceeded any she obtained on a previous occasion. Madame Bishop sang magnificently. We never heard her in finer voice, nor did she ever display her extraordinary powers of vocalization with more exquisite or surprising effects. She seemed to rise with the occasion, and to show the audience that all the favours they had previously heaped upon her, demanded an extra exertion on her part, to crown her parting with a halo of musical glory. It is needless to particularize Madame Bishop's excellences in the *Maid of Artois*. Everybody is acquainted with the accomplished and masterly execution of her opening *scena*; the deep pathos and artistic colouring of the splendid desert scene, and the miraculous rapidity, accuracy and brilliancy of her *rondo finale*. On Thursday evening she was called for at the end of the first act, and on her appearance she was hailed with unanimous and repeated rounds of applause, and showers of bouquets, and wreaths were thrown on the stage from every direction. She had been previously greeted, when she first appeared, with deafening acclamations, and the cheers, upon her recall, after the first act, were longer and louder. During the performance Madame Bishop was greeted with repeated bursts of applause, but the greatest compliment paid her throughout the evening was the breathless and absorbed attention with which the audience listened to the artist's magnificent and thrilling interpretation of the music of the desert scene. At the end, Madame Bishop was recalled, and on her appearance received such demonstrations of enthusiastic favour, as it would be impossible to describe. The stage was strewn with bouquets and other offerings of public appreciation, and the plaudits literally

* This is a master stroke of old Göthe's, for it will be recollected that Edward, in general, had the greatest horror of a person looking into his book, when he read aloud.—TRANSLATOR.

* Anapaest.

endured for several minutes. Mad. Bishop's farewell performance was certainly the most signal triumph that Drury-Lane has witnessed for many years. After such an exhibition of artistic power on the part of the singer, and after such a display of enthusiasm on the part of the audience, it is highly questionable whether English opera can dispense with the services of Madame Anna Bishop, and forego the assistance of its greatest artist and its greatest ornament. Whether the continental engagements of Madame Bishop would permit of her remaining entirely in England, is another consideration. We were sorry to find Mr. King substituted for Mr. Harrison in the opera on Thursday night. So badly did he sing the music, that he was forced to come forward and apologise to the audience for his incapacity. If anything could have marred Madame Bishop's great success, it would have been singing with a tenor who, either from want of power, or want of study, could not interpret the music.

In the ballet department nothing new has occurred. Mlle. Sophie Fucoco continues to be greatly attractive, and is becoming more and more a public favourite.

Mr. Balfe's new opera, *The Bondman*, was produced last night, and met with the most triumphant success. As we intend in our next number to enter at large, and in detail, into the merits of Mr. Balfe's new work, we shall content ourselves here with merely stating, that we consider the *Bondman* by far the greatest of the author's productions. It is written with more care, and is altogether more the work of an artist, than any opera we remember from his pen. The *finale* to the second act is exceedingly fine, and leaves nothing to be desired.

Any musician might be proud of having written this very splendid morceau. The first and second acts are by far the best. There is much of the third act that would bear pruning, or cutting altogether. There were five encores, all of which

were in the first and second acts. Among the pieces we would especially notice, are a most delicious ballad in the first act, admirably suited to Miss Romer's voice, and well sung; a very characteristic buffo song, given to perfection, by Weiss, and a romance in act third, as likely to become highly popular.

The principal vocalists, comprising Miss Romer, Messrs. Weiss, Harrison and Rafter, acquitted themselves exceedingly well, and merited the applause they received. Mr. Weiss sang admirably, his fine voice telling with superior effect in the concerted morceaux. The chorus and orchestra were excellently drilled, and tended no little, by their assistance, to the success of the opera. The libretto is good, being replete with highly dramatic situations, but it is considerably too long, and will require much curtailing. Mr. Harrison received immense applause in a scene in the last act. This gentleman acted better than we have seen him on any former occasion, and sang with his usual taste and discrimination. Mr. Rafter also deserves honourable mention for his singing; and we must not pass by the trusty and right well-beloved comedian of our choice, Mr. Harley, who acted a small part with the greatest humour, and kept the audience in roars while he was on the stage. Mr. Balfe was called for at the end of the second act, and when the curtain fell. He was cheered from every part of the house. Mr. Bunn was also called for, and subsequently, after some delay, made his appearance. He was received with tremendous cheers. We may confidently, and conscientiously state, that the opera of the *Bondman* is a work of unusual excellence.

HAY-MARKET.—Morton's comedy of "Secrets Worth Knowing" was revived at this theatre on Tuesday evening last, for the benefit of Mr. Archer, the box-book keeper. The play was strongly cast; it included Mrs. Glover, Miss Julia

Bennett, Mrs. E. Yarnold; Messrs. Farren, Buckstone, Tilbury, Stuart, and Lester, all of whom, with the exception of the last named gentleman, have, we believe, previously enacted their respective characters. It remains therefore only for us to speak of Mr. Lester in the part of *Rostrum*, and we must do so in high terms; for although not exactly in his line, he embodied the character of the young and good hearted auctioneer with considerable talent, throwing when requisite, great vivacity into the part, and delivering the "claptrap" speeches with excellent effect. Mr. Lester is nevertheless, naturally, too much the finished gentleman in his demeanour, completely to identify "the bowing man of business, redolent of his calling" of former days (no offence to George Robins, et hoc genus omne of the present day). Setting aside this little deficiency, (?) Mr. Lester was all that could be desired in the character; he was heartily applauded by the audience whenever occasion offered. After the comedy, Mr. Reed played a fantasia from the "Sonnambula" on the Violoncello; his tone is good, and his execution rapid; his performance met with considerable approbation. In consequence of the sudden illness of Mr. Farren, the progress of the new farce announced for performance was nipped in the bud, the curtain being dropped before the first scene was over. Mr. Farren came forward and made an apology, in which he entreated the audience to dispense with the further performance of the farce for the Author's sake, as he, Mr. Farren, found himself too unwell to proceed with his part; this appeal to the good feelings of the audience met with proper consideration; and as the curtain fell, Mr. Farren dropped exhausted into a chair. The farce was followed by the well-known piece of *Suzanne*, in which Madame Celeste played, with her usual artistic excellence. The evenings entertainments concluded with the new Musical Drama of the *Young Pretender*. The house was crowded greatly, we hope to the profit of the urbane Mr. Archer, a gentleman respected by every constant visitor to this theatre. A Miss Reynolds, from America, has made her appearance at this theatre, in the farce of *Perfection*, with success; and on Wednesday, in presence of the Count de Montemolin, Sheridan's *School for Scandal* was performed, Miss Julia Bennett assuming the part of Lady Teazle.

FRENCH PLAYS.—On Monday last, we witnessed, with pleasure, the performance of M. Perlet in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* of Molière. Great preparations had been made to render it as effective as possible, and on the whole, we may say it was most creditably done, bearing in mind that we are not in Paris, and that the production of one of Molière's comedies presents most serious difficulties of every sort, and must be regarded after all in the light of an exotic. The house was the best we have seen this season, and all eyes were rivetted on the stage, as soon as the great comedian made his appearance. A round of applause greeted his *entrée en scène*, and all was hushed in the most profound silence. In speaking of the acting of M. Perlet, we are not inclined to put forward any opinions for the sake of mere novelty; neither are we inclined to judge him with that severity which a higher order of comedy would require of us. The *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* can scarcely be called a comedy, neither is it so entitled in the old editions of Molière's plays, being therein styled a *comédie-ballet*, although its object is evidently of a very high order, and it is full of wit and sarcasm. On the other hand, we dare not degrade it to the level of a farce. We make these observations as an excuse for a few liberties which were taken with the text by several parties; and which we pass over with slight condemnation, although grieved to find that the low wit of the *Porte St. Martin* or the *Gymnase*

should have been thought advisable or likely to prove attractive to an audience thoroughly acquainted with the great author. We admonish M. Rhozeville, in general a careful actor, to give us no more of such stuff as his *blague à tabac*, and would advise M. Perlet that his too frequent changing of his dressing-gown in the second scene of the first act is tedious and monotonous, and tires by repetition. Again his interpolations are not always in good taste; we will mention one as an instance:—In the second scene of the fourth act, his wife comes suddenly upon the party, and upbraids her husband with squandering his wealth; Dorante exclaims that it is he who pays, and is backed by M. Jourdain; here M. Perlet thought fit to add "*Oui, Madame, c'est Monsieur le Comte qui régale et moi qui paie*," which is complete nonsense. The absurdity of the thing made the pit and gallery laugh, but the other parts of the house received it in a very different spirit, and we heard low, although strong marks of disapprobation around us. With the exception of these few drawbacks, the piece went smoothly and well, of course M. Perlet taking the leading part and carrying everything before him with the richness of his humour. We have no need to enter into the details of a piece known by heart by all playgoers, we shall merely point out a few of the principal scenes in which he was most effective. In the first place, in spite of our admiration for M. Perlet, so often and unhesitatingly expressed, we cannot but think that in his conception of the part, as that of an old man some sixty-five years of age, he has made a mistake. The very ridicules which the author has entailed upon him seem to us a proof that fifty would be much nearer the mark. An old man of sixty-five would not, however, be likely to take it into his head to learn fencing, music, dancing, and philosophy, or the art of knowing by the almanac when there is a moon and when not; his apeing the aristocracy would have been turned by so discreet and profound an observer of human nature as Molière into a very different channel, had he intended to make a worn out and decrepid old man of his butt. We will however confess that the character as impersonated by M. Perlet gives more opportunity for fun and frolic, and displays to greater advantage the peculiarities of the artist. The dancing lesson was rich as was the fencing lesson; and the scene with the philosopher when he expresses his astonishment that he had been speaking prose all his life-time without knowing it, his articulations of the vowels and consonants, the wonder and delight with which he receives instructions in things to which his intelligence is equal, showed a marvellous talent and betrayed the great actor, ever true to nature; so true, that all traces of his art were lost in the child-like simplicity with which he endeavours to inculcate the knowledge he has gained into his wife and servant in an after-scene. We have never as yet met with any observation on this latter scene, which to us is one of the best in the play; indeed Molière never conceived any thing more true to nature than this. The old man has been wonder-struck with the knowledge he has acquired, and endeavours to impart it to his wife and servant, he goes through the whole lesson, but alas, with no success; he is in despair, and exclaims "*j'enrage quand je vois des femmes ignorantes*"; he then brings forward the fella, and attempts to give Nicole a lesson in fencing; but she thrusts against all rule, and the old fellow is sadly poked about. Here the actor was triumphant. This introduction to the Marquise was also an admirable bit of burlesque, and the scene in which he empties his purse to pay the gratuitous titles conferred upon him was beyond praise. The end of the fourth act and the fifth are the doubtful parts of the play; it

would seem that the author almost felt he had gone too far in the gullibility of the old man. The thing, as it stands, was well done, but we cannot admire it, and some parts were judiciously cut out. Mademoiselle Brohan acted the small part of Nicole to admiration. Her laugh at the dress of her master set the whole house in a roar; and her bye play in the quarrel scene between the lovers made this one of the most prominent and most effective positions in the piece. We have also great satisfaction in commending the excellent acting of Madame Grassau as Madame Jourdain; we have not yet seen her to such advantage as in this part. M. Cartigny was also excellent as the Philosopher, and M. Langeval as Dorante. He has got the better of his cold, and appears to us an improving and careful actor.

J. de C.—e.

[We must mention that on the previous Friday, an abridged version of Regnard's *Legataire Universelle* was performed, and the inimitable acting of Mdlle. Brohan and M. Cartigny in the Lisette and Crispin, kept the house in a continued roar of laughter; there never was anything more irresistibly comic than Cartigny, and more deliciously everything that is agreeable than the incomparable Augustine Brohan, the very jewel of *soubrettes*, ancient and modern. On Wednesday, the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* was repeated with other performances, and last night *Les trois Crispins* was produced. Of this we must speak fully next week. On Wednesday Mdlle. Brohan takes her benefit, when Scribe's *Bertrand et Raton* will be produced, in which the charming comedienne will sustain the part of Jean. Every lover of genuine comedy should attend, for we are to lose Mdlle. Brohan very soon—far too soon, indeed.—Ed. M. W.]

LITERATURE.—The Promenade Concerts are still attractive at the Old English Opera House, and Mr. Allcroft continues to vary his entertainments with great effect. A grand Neapolitan *Bal Masqué* takes place on Wednesday night, when the house will be ornamented in a most magnificent manner, and brilliantly illuminated, and the Orchestra considerably enlarged. The Promenade Concerts under Mr. Allcroft's direction close on the previous night.

REVIEWS ON BOOKS.

"*Christopher Tadpole*," No. IV. By ALBERT SMITH—RICHARD BENTLEY.

The present number is more Albert-Smithian than the former three. The author has dashed in *medias res*, and the story drags him away from all endeavours at being fine, or profound. That Albert Smith is both a contemplative and an original writer, no one can deny, who is able to appreciate the following speculation.

He sang so many snatches of songs, running one into the other with such wilful carelessness, that the brave old oak was getting up stairs on the banks of Allan water, and prevailing upon somebody to drink to him only with their eyes as he struck the light guitar all the day in the Bay of Biscay and allowed the bumper's toast to go round; and no one could have decided which air was his especial favourite. Nor did he stop until he arrived at the entrance of the hamlet."

Nor can we refrain from inserting another paragraph, which will give our readers an excellent notion of the author's style and manner, where he tries to be nobody but himself.

"It represented a party of industrious individuals, one of whom was as grey as the village, performing certain of those triple-bob complications with ropes and bells, the achievement of which we at times read of in the newspapers; with as clear a notion of what task has been surmounted as though the chief actors, in it had squared the circle, boxed the compass backwards, composed a fugue, or tried to pull down our sublimest creed to a peppery squabble of ecclesiastical stonework and linen-draperly."

The history of Christopher does not much advance in this

number. The youthful hero is carried by Hickory, the showman, to Liverpool, and falls again into the hands of Rockey, the monster of the Mine. The appearance of Liverpool is described with force and truth. Unquestionably in this descriptive style of writing, Albert Smith cannot be surpassed. His observation is acute, his memory tenacious, and he has the felicitous tact of seizing upon those points, not always the most prominent, in what he beholds, but certainly the most effective for transcription. If there be an absence of poetical feeling, or imagery in his descriptions, there is no lack of reality, or of those touches of light and shade which invest the narration of landscapes and water-scapes—the latter term more applicable in the present instance—with all their interest. We shall extract at length the description of Liverpool and its contingencies as seen from one of the quays.

"Ships—ships—everywhere: crowding their lofty, quivering masts, and slender spars, and terse cordage in apparently inextricable complication. Ships, that had battled with the waters of dark and far distant seas in their wildest might: and now lay calmly, almost in the very streets; and gave up the treasures they had so bravely carried over the leaping wilderness of the ocean to their masters. Ships, whose sweltering planks had been scorched beneath the blazing sun of strange lands since they last departed: whose rigging had strained and creaked, and yet held on, true and fast, against the anger of the storms: whose trusty bows had boldly met the lashing, maddened billows, flinging back their angry foam to the vast and boiling cauldrons of the deep, as their fettered timbers struck the hissing waters, bearing all the love, and hope, and world of hundreds within their span. Ships—still ships, and ships—on for miles!

They were the sources from which everything around rose—the lofty warehouse, and walls, and transit-sheds: the cranes, and oddly-fashioned carts, and solid waggons: the crowds of toil-worn, thoughtful men of business: of careless seamen, and lynx-eyed officers that thronged the quays: the mighty docks themselves that stretched so far along the shore, and could scarcely be said to finish anywhere. For beyond their actual limits others were still forming. Huge piles rose to divide the rushing current of the Mersey far out from its banks, and blocks of stone that appeared to defy all attempts to move them were lying about, on which the clinking chisels of the masons were piled incessantly. Frameworks of hugely-bolted timbers, too—on the edges of which strange machines apparently moved themselves and those they carried—reached out from the immature quays, all was as if the grasping hand of commerce found the earth too small for its operations; and wished to imprison the very water, hitherto free to come and go as it listed, in its service.

One had only to look upon the goods debarked under the sheds to see what wonderful journeys the ships had made. Strange logs of wood—of grain and colour unknown at home—were pitched down in heaps. Odd outlandish packages, too, were there, marked with mystic hieroglyphics, as if the artist had learned his alphabet from the bottles in chemists' windows, or the curious diagram—which some people pretend to understand—in Moore's Almanac. Further on were drums of figs, enough to have supplied all England with dessert for a year, including Lord Mayor's Day, at which festival such unwonted numbers of dishes always figure in the long list of estates that everybody knows, but nobody reads—tight little band-boxes of seed and sugar-bags, seen singly at reputable grocers, but here stocked in piles that an ordinary sized man might not look over. Bales of matting like enormous first-born-baby pincushions; or rather, as such would appear in the Polytechnic microscope, when the ingenious gentleman who lives all amongst the oxy-hydrogen gas and dissolving views in his vivid sentry-box, shews you the triumph of nature over art as exhibited in the leaf and bit of cambric. Strange casks which might contain fish, or treacle, or pickles, or anything else a vivid imagination chose to fancy in them. Hides of supposed wild beasts, looking like diseased door-mats: skins of animals as unknown as the wondrous Liver—the bird from which the town takes its name, and who has never been seen except on the corporation seal, but it is supposed, in the dark ages, to have paired off with the Dodo upon some interesting division of the globe generally."

The pleasure trip of Sprouts and Bessy Payne in a van to Hampton Court is merely episodic, and consequently does not tend to the advancement of the plot. However, these divergencies are absolutely necessary in stories issued monthly. They are sacrifices of the narration's interest made at the shrine of ephemeral popularity. Let us for a moment suppose *Guy Mannering*, or *Tom Jones* published after the monthly

fashion. How dull and heavy would not many numbers of these master-works appear issued in this abstract manner? No great composition could have a chance of immediate success given out in these homœopathic doses. To obtain momentaneous applause—which seems the entire aim of these lunar writers—matters and beings irrelevant and extrinsic must be introduced, extraordinary endeavours must be made to titillate the ear, or excite the mind, and a species of mental guano, as it were, must be applied to the roots of action and passion to give them precocious amplification. The author of stories in monthly numbers must needs follow this course. At the same time we must not underrate the talent that can effect interest in the reader with every brief publication, even though, as regards the story, there be faults of construction, and weakness in development. It requires a variety of attainment, and powers of no secondary intellect, to invest a few chapters of a romance with those qualities which help to keep alive the attention of the reader. That works thus lamely sent into the world may be made the vehicle of all that's humorous, harmonising and sublime, we have a proof in the greatest writer of modern times.

"*Dombey and Son*," No. IV. BY CHARLES DICKENS.—BRADBURY AND EVANS.

The reader will find in this number of Mr. Dickens' new work infinite delight, as well as instruction. The author appears to us to be more in earnest in *Dombey & Son* than in any of his preceding novels or tales. There is already faintly apparent some purpose of deeper meaning than we find generally prevailing his works, we do not mean as to incident, or prominence of character, but to the development of mind, to the serious and abstract consideration of the mixed modes of the human temperament. This metaphysical speculation is avoided by most writers, inasmuch as it is wandering beyond their depth, and is not generally understood. Godwin is the best example we could adduce as a metaphysical novelist. But Godwin painted passion as he himself would have felt it, if he were placed in the same circumstances as his personages. Byron wrote on the same principle, or by force of the same feeling. Neither of these great authors could abstract himself, and live, as it were, in the character he was portraying. The want of this abstraction in writers has been usually attributed to the preference given to the study of books over the study of man. But surely this is begging the question. He who studies volumes rather than his fellows, does so because his mind lacks, or is not satisfied with, observation. Observation is an instinct born in man, and no more to be acquired than any other attribute of the mind, inherent in humanity *ab ovo*. No one can deny the extraordinary observation with which Mr. Dickens is endowed. His comprehensiveness has been disputed. We have our own strong opinions on this head. We believe that, notwithstanding his immense popularity, he is hardly yet understood. As a humorous, pathetic, and brilliant writer, he has been long recognized as a star in the literary zenith; but we have a shrewd notion, that were his works stripped of their brilliancy, their humour, and their pathos, there would remain more behind, than the majority of people are inclined to concede to the author. *Dombey and Son* exhibits not an atom of falling off in the powers of Mr. Charles Dickens. Upon mature consideration we are inclined to think that the present number of his new publication displays at least as much fancy and original thinking as the same amount of matter in any of his former works. The character of the youthful *Dombey* is, doubtless, delineated with too much precocity of

mind to render it appreciable, or comprehensible, to the general reader; but, with this exception, which, after all, Mr. Dickens might explain away by a reference to nature, the store-house whence he gleans all his impersonations, we have not a word to offer in critical depreciation of the present number. We shall make a brief quotation, and give the reader one of the best specimens we can find of the author's vein of thought and style. Young Dombey has reached his fifth, or sixth year: or, as the author expresses himself, "Beneath the watching and attentive eyes of Time, Paul's slumbers gradually changed. More and more light broke in upon them; distincter and distincter dreams disturbed them: an accumulating crowd of objects and impressions swarmed about his rest; and so he passed from Babyhood to Childhood, and became a walking, talking, wandering Dombey." "Paul is a delicate child and the father sends him to Brighton, and has him initiated into an infantine Boarding House, an establishment for Invalid Infancy, under the management of Mrs. Pipchin, a widow lady, whose husband died, as Miss Tox says, by pumping water out of the Peruvian Mines, meaning nothing more thereby, than that he broke his heart in a Peruvian Mine speculation. The character of Mrs. Pipchin is drawn with great vigor and discrimination. The author, doubtless, has strong reasons for directing his pen so earnestly against the Infant Boarding Houses at Watling Places. Paul and his sister Florence are sent to Mrs. Pipchin's: they are taken out daily by the beach side for exercise. The love existing between the children is most exquisitely drawn. We shall transcribe a short conversation that occurred between Paul and Florence as they were taking their usual airing by the sea side. Paul being too delicate to walk, was carried in an invalid's chair, while Florence closely attended him.

"His favourite spot was quite a lonely one, far away from most loungers; and with Florence sitting by his side at work, or reading to him, or talking to him, and the wind blowing on his face, and the water coming up among the wheels of his bed, he wanted nothing more.

"Floy," he said one day, "where's India, where that boy's friends live?" "Oh, it's a long, long distance off," said Florence, raising her eyes from her work.

"Weeks off?" asked Paul.

"Yes, dear. Many weeks' journey, night and day."

"If you were in India, Floy," said Paul, after being silent for a minute, "I should—what is that Mama did? I forget."

"Loved me!" answered Florence.

"No, no. Don't I love you now, Floy? What is it?—Died. If you were in India, I should die, Floy."

She hurriedly put her work aside, and laid her head down on his pillow, caressing him. And so would she, she said if he were there. He would be better soon.

"Oh! I am a great deal better now!" he answered. "I don't mean that. I mean that I should die of being so sorry and so lonely, Floy!"

Another time, in the same place, he fell asleep, and slept quietly for a long time. Awakening suddenly, he listened, started up, and sat listening.

Florence asked him what he thought he heard.

"I want to know what it says," he answered, looking steadily in her face. "The sea, Floy, what is it that it keeps on saying?"

She told him that it was only the noise of the rolling waves.

"Yes, yes," he said. "But I know that they are always saying something. Always the same thing. What place is over there?" He rose up, looking eagerly at the horizon.

She told him that there was another country opposite, but he said he didn't mean that; he meant farther away—farther away!

Very often afterwards, in the midst of their talk, he would break off, to try to understand what it was that the waves were always saying; and would rise up in his couch to look towards that invisible region, far away."

Walter Gay, Solomon Gills, and Captain Cuttle, are brought out prominently in the present number: and our worthy friend, Joseph Bagstock, also figures in high relief. We direct the reader's especial attention to the chapter wherein Solomon Gills has a broker in his house, and where Walter repairs to

Captain Cuttle for advice and assistance. Captain Cuttle is a glorious specimen of rough nature. We expect great doings at the infantine boarding-house, in the forthcoming number.

"Partners for Life," A Christmas Story. By CAMILLA TOULMIN.—ORR & Co.

Miss Toulmin has written, in the little volume before us, one of the most interesting stories we have for a long while read. Her characters are replete with life, and her female personages can hardly be surpassed for delicacy and grace. The plot of this tale is sufficiently familiar. A son marries against his father's wishes, and lives, or rather drags on a miserable existence for years, with the partner of his choice. However simple and old the story may be, it is one which is capable of being invested with the deepest interest, and Miss Camilla Toulmin has touched every chord of the heart in her plain and unadorned narrative. Unlike the modern writers of Christmas stories—for the "Partners for Life," is a Christmas story—she has attempted nothing profound, fanciful, or humorous. No embargo is laid on ghost, or magic dream to clothe her tale with wonderment or novel seeming. Life and nature are the pure founts from which she has drawn her inspirations. Truth is the groundwork of her fiction, and humanity, in its gentlest moods, her presiding genius. No dark traits of life are to be found in her pages. Love and its sorrows, the social feelings in their purity, domestic affections in their brightness, or dimmed by misfortunes, constitute the principal ingredients in the "Partner for Life." There is not a single character in Miss Camilla Toulmin's tale that is not entirely aimable. Even the father, who turns his son from his doors, and refuses all reconciliation, by his benevolence and uprightness, excites and wins our sympathy. The fair authoress evidently indited her story for the gratification solely of her own sex. The sterner hearts of men require stronger food for digestion than they can find in perusing Miss Camilla Toulmin's too gentle story. But although the *Partners for Life* cannot be said to proffer "strong meat for men," it by no means can be placed in the category of such stories as provide "milk for babes." The work before us is replete with vigorous writing, highly drawn scenes, and many of the characters are portrayed with a deep insight into human nature. The reader will peruse the tale with infinite pleasure.

"The Illustrated Musical Album, Visiting Table Book, and Drawing Room Annual, for 1847." Edited by F. W. N. BAYLEY.—HENRY HURST.

This is decidedly the cheapest volume of the New Year, and certainly one of the best of the annuals. Mr. Bayley has provided every variety of entertainment for his readers. He treats them with six original songs, composed by no less personages than Messrs. Vincent Wallace, J. L. Hatton, F. N. Crouch, W. Balfe, Alexander Lee, and somebody Florimel—whose pardon we beg, as being innocent of his antecedent merits: he proffers them puns in profusions, wood-cuts *ad libitum*, and anecdotes *ad infinitum*; and he has enlisted among his designers and engravers such startling names as Phiz, Kenney Meadows, Warren, Linton, and Landells. The book will cost the purchaser half-a-crown—no more. The size is quarto, or minor folio, and upwards of forty pages of letter-press, drawings and music are contained therein. Mr. Wallace's song is entitled "The Lay of May," and is beautiful, both musical and poetical. Mr. Bayley is the poet of all the songs. Mr. Balfe's and Mr. Hatton's compositions are also excellent of

their kind. In brief, the book is an admirable book, full of humour, and anecdote, and point, and well worth quadruple the money it will cost the purchaser.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR:—In your account of the Birmingham Concert in your last number, you state Mr. Machin was announced to sing but was prevented. This is not so; it was Mr. Mackain, of Birmingham, and not Mr. Machin, the bass singer. Your correspondent has made another error; it was a Mr. Pursall, a tenor singer, of Birmingham, who sang the 'Total Eclipse.' These are, no doubt, clerical errors. Yours,

December 6th, 1846,

A SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

LINCOLN, 7th December, 1846.—SIR:—You will oblige myself and several others, who are in the habit of perusing the "Musical World," by the insertion of the piece written below in next week's, or any subsequent publication. Yours obediently,

A READER.

"Some months ago, a dispute arose during a sitting of the Committee of the Lincoln Mechanic's Institution, in which two gentlemen, whose names were B. Kirton and G. Sharp, figured as the disputants. After some severe sparring in words, on both sides, the former gentleman entirely silenced the latter by the following piece of musical wit:—"that as every one knew that g Sharp was a Flat, it was useless carrying the dispute any farther."

[Our correspondent, will, perhaps, transmit us the point of the joke—in Queen's heads or P. O. order—post paid.—Ed.]

THE DIAPASON.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

DEAR SIR:—I beg, through your valuable paper, to thank your polite correspondent, the "Old Bellows Blower," for his explanation of the word "diapason" in organ building—the derivation of the word, and its application in the way he points out so clearly. I was before aware, but, perhaps, I was not explicit enough in the way in which I put the question, what I want more especially to be enlightened upon, viz.:—Why it is, that the term "diapason" is used in organ building to one class of pipes more particularly than any other? If your correspondent will be kind enough to favour me with a reply to this as well as my other inquiries, together with any other information on this interesting subject, he may be kind enough to give, he will much oblige, dear sir, your obedient servant,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

P.S.—I have observed that the word *unison* is used instead of *diapason* by some of our modern organ builders, not without sufficient reason, I should suppose. A few hints on this point would also be acceptable to me.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

PETER STREET, BISHOPSGATE.

SIR:—I beg most respectfully to trespass on your valuable time for a few moments, in reference to the manner the music warehouses now have of allowing persons that are not in the trade or profession to have music at trade price. Any person, at the present time, getting a music-seller's ticket, or professor's, and using the same, will get music at trade price. Now, I recommend a society for protecting the music sellers from such persons, similar to that which the booksellers have for protecting them. All persons in that trade have a ticket, for which they have to pay 2s. 6d. per year. No person, under any pretence whatever, can get books at trade price without showing the ticket. I feel assured if this plan was adopted in reference to music sellers, it would be pounds in the pockets both of the trade and profession. Hoping this will meet with your kind notice through the medium of your powerful journal, I remain, sir, yours, &c.,

A PROFESSOR.

P.S.—Enclosed is my card.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

MAIDSTONE, 27th NOVEMBER, 1846.

H. C. would feel obliged by the Editor of the *Musical World* informing him the name of the Bacchanalian song sung by Mr. W. H. Seguin, at the Society of British Musicians, by Howard Glover, mentioned in the *Musical World* of the 21st instant. H. C. would also esteem it a great favour to be kindly informed if it is a difficult composition, and fit only for professionals, or if it will suit an amateur. H. C. apologises for giving so much trouble.

[Let Mr. Glover, if he pleases, furnish the answer; our columns are open to him.—Ed. M. W.]

PROVINCIAL.

"Hoc Sufficit."—(From a Correspondent.)—"The Messrs. Cianchettini and R. Butt gave us really a classical concert (and that is a rare occurrence now-a-days!) on the 1st inst., commencing the first act with one of Kalliwoda's best overtures, and the second with one of Marschner's, dedicated to Spohr. Both were new to Cheltenham. Miss Child, a pupil of Sir Henry Bishop, made her first appearance on the occasion, and was very favourably received. So was Miss Taylor in Beethoven's matchless "Adelaide," and a new "Scena ed Aria," expressly composed for her by Cianchettini. Two of Cianchettini's piano-forte pupils, Miss Evans and Miss Le Grice, also made their first appearance on the occasion, and were equally well received. These young ladies, we are told, are really attached to the classics, such as Clementi, Dussek, Cramer, Woelfl, Louis Adam, and the matchless Beethoven; but, on this occasion, to show their versatility, (and impartiality at the same time) Miss Evans chose for her debut Liszt's Fantasia on "Suoni la Tromba," and Miss Le Grice Thalberg's "Dulcino Stellato Soglio." Mr. R. Butt performed two violin Fantasias in a very creditable manner; as also, with Mr. Cianchettini, Beethoven's splendid op. 47. As for Mr. T. G. Taylor, the celebrated young harpist, (only 19 years of age, and yet one of the first of the day!) he favoured us with one of his best compositions, as also with a new MS. Duett for the harp and the piano-forte, expressly composed for her by Cianchettini. This was pronounced by competent judges to be one of the best duetts that ever was composed for the harp and the piano-forte; it is really a Duett, showing of the harp quite as much as the piano-forte—if not even more. Some instrumentalists can only write for their own instruments. In short, the concert gave universal satisfaction."

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

MILAN, Nov. 30.—(Extract from a private letter.)—"The little Musical News I can muster, tends so much to the honor of England, that I am sure it will be agreeable for you to hear it.—The English tenor Reeves, made a most successful debut a short time since at the *Scala*, in the *Lucia* with Miss Hayes, as *Prima donna*. Certainly for a very long time past, there has been nothing here to equal their acting and singing; nature, has done her part to aid them, both are young, both handsome, both equally gifted with fine voices and a nice perception of the beautiful in their art, you can imagine nothing more perfect than the representation of their respective characters; it has been the only thing worth going to see at the *Scala* for a long time, every one here is in despair at losing the Hayes, who goes to *Venice* for the *Carnival*; Reeves, however remains till the spring, and then goes to *Vienna*, where, in consequence of the great success he has met with here, he is accepted as *Primo tenore d'obbligo*.—It appears that the English as singers, are daily gaining ground with the Italians, for Mr. Jones (a Basso) whom I think I formerly mentioned to you, has been singing with very great success at *Verona* and various other places: he is now engaged for the *Carnival* at *Genoa*, on most excellent terms. Mr. Travers, who has returned, after a short absence, has had numerous advantageous offers, he has not yet decided which to accept, he is a very great favourite here.—The *Scala* closes on Tuesday, until the *Carnival*, at which time I shall have plenty of Musical News for you as we all expect to be very gay."

MISCELLANEOUS.

News.—A third Italian Opera is said to be in contemplation in London.—*Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*. [We have acknowledged the source whence this piece of information is taken; but we are sorry to say that Felix Farley does not use us in the like manner. He has inserted in his paper, Dion Bourcicault's joke on Punch, and several other remarkably good things of ours, and useful too, without acknowledgement. Journally speaking, this is not fair play, Felix Farley.—Ed. M. W.]

Mr. BURN is not going to the Surrey Theatre, and M. JULIEN has not taken the Colosseum. THE OLYMPIC THEATRE has closed till Christmas.

JAMES WALLACK IN AMERICA.—THE BOSTON THEATRE.—This theatre was filled to witness the performance of the celebrated play, entitled "Don Caesar De Bazan," in which Mr. Wallack was set down for the principal character, which may be said to be his original character, as he performed it for the first time in London, and with long continued and eminent success. All the theatre-goers had long known or heard that Mr. Wallack had made it his own, by the masterly and superior manner in which he impersonated the bold and daring Spaniard, and were we to judge from the immense applause and enthusiasm manifested on the evening in question, the impression was clearly confirmed. We have seen it several times performed by actors of no mean celebrity, but never have we witnessed so vivid and life-like a delineation—one in fact that comes up to the conception which we had entertained of the character. The manner, the *physique*, the look of Mr. Wallack seemed to belong to and constitute the supposed *personale* of "Don Caesar." There was nothing that did not seem to be in unison and keeping, and nobly and well did Mr. Wallack enact his part, and, as we have intimated, to the entire satisfaction of the audience. The thanks of the public are due to Mr. Wyman for bringing out this popular play at this time, and also in a style so fitting and even superior.—*New York Herald.*

BRISTOL.—We hear that the members of this Society intend to give an Open or Ladies' Night, on Thursday the 14th of January. *The Messiah*, we understand is to be performed on a very grand scale at the Victoria Rooms, in Christmas week. Miss Birch, Miss M. B. Hawes, and Henry Phillips are already engaged.

LOICIC.—A street-musician at Wellingborough, being brought up for drunkenness, denied the charge, inasmuch as he knew what he was about. "If I war drunk," said he, "and know'd I war drunk, then I warn't drunk; but if I war drunk, and didn't know I war drunk, than I war drunk."—*Street Musician.*

MRS. SIDDONS.—A statue of this eminent tragedian is to be placed in Westminster Abbey. The execution has been entrusted to Mr. Thomas Campbell, the sculptor, who has just finished the model, which may be seen in the study of the artist. The original intention was a half-length figure, in *bas relief*, which may also be seen in the artist's study. The half-length *bas relief*, however, was abandoned for a full-length figure, in *ideal* drapery, with a scroll in the right hand and nothing in the left. The design was originally set on foot by Mr. Macready, who considering himself the only great tragedian since Mrs. Siddons, appropriately placed his name at the head of the catalogue of persons who contributed to the expense of the monument.

GARDONI.—This celebrated tenor, who has created so great a sensation on the continent in more respects than one, is likely to prove a great card, as the saying is, at Her Majesty's Theatre in the approaching season. He has a voice of exquisite quality, and his style and method are faultless. In some parts he is really great, and though by no means a superior actor, he has sufficient art to render many characters impressive. He was almost thrown away at the *Academie Royale*. Mr. Lumley evinced his usual discrimination, when he engaged Signor Gardoni for the opera.

HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS.—Want of space last week prevented us from noticing Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Severn's concert, which took place on Monday week. The concert consisted of two parts: part the first being confined to a *Serenata* of Mr. Severn's composition; and part the second comprising a selection of miscellaneous music. The *Serenata* was rehearsed with

great care and performed with much effect, a full orchestra and efficient chorus being employed in its interpretation. The singers enlisted were the Misses Birch, Cubitt, and Solomon, and the Messrs. Lockey, Hawkins, Shoubridge and Wetherbee. Miss Birch and Mr. Lockey sang admirably, and were well supported by the other vocalists. The music of Mr. Severn displays considerable fancy, and his treatment of the subject of the *Serenata*, which is entitled "The spirit of the shell," proves his genius to be cast in the dramatic mould. The *morceaux* are too numerous to comment on in detail in our brief notice, but we hope to have an opportunity of entering more fully into their merits, when the music is sent us for review. In the second part of the entertainment, Miss Dolby, Mrs. T. H. Severn, Mr. Allen, Mr. Leffler and Mr. John Parry, added their attraction as vocalists to those engaged for the *Serenata*, and gave some capital music. Here were several minor compositions of Mr. Severn, exhibiting great musical merit. A glee by Horsley, and a madrigal by Festa were much applauded. The charming serenade, "Wake my love," from Loder's *Night Dancers*, was perfectly sung by Mr. Allen, and received with great favour, as was Miss Dolby's graceful execution of "O Araby, dear Araby." John Parry was encored in "The London Season," a *pasticcio* in which he and Albert Smith have so well hit off the salient points of that stirring period of the year. Mr. Henry Webbe, a pupil of Mr. George Purdy, made his *debut* in public as a violinist, in a dramatic concert of Spohr's. He exhibited much promise in his performance. Mr. Severn conducted, and Mr. T. Cooke led the band. The room was very full.

WOODFORD.—Mr. Bates with his usual enterprising spirit gave a concert at the above locale on Friday evening, December 4th. The entertainments consisted of selections of vocal and instrumental music. The vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss E. Birch, and Mr. John Parry: the instrumentalists included Mr. F. W. Bates, (*piano*), Mr. Willy (*violin*), soloists, and others. The concert opened with the *Andante*, and *minuet* and *trio* from a symphony of Mozart, which was well performed considering the size of the Orchestra. Miss Birch and her sister gave songs and duets with great effect. Miss Birch was encored in Baker's ballad, "O, how can I smile, love," and Mr. John Parry received the same compliment in two of Albert Smith's comic effusions. Mr. F. W. Bates performed Beethoven's fine concerto in G on the pianoforte, with accompaniments, and was greatly applauded. He played very finely, and seemed duly to appreciate the great composer whose work he was interpreting. Mr. Willy performed a brilliant *morceau* of Kalliwoda's on the violin, which he executed in a masterly manner. Mr. Hobbs was announced, but could not appear from indisposition. The concert gave great satisfaction, and reflected the highest credit on the conductor and giver of the concert, Mr. Bates.—(*From a Correspondent.*)

MR. WILSON.—This popular vocalist gave a concert on Wednesday evening, at the Marylebone Institution, Edward-street, Portman-square, and on Thursday delighted an audience at Richmond with one of his entertainments. On Tuesday, and last evening, he appeared at Crosby Hall. Mr. Land accompanied him as usual.

EXETER HALL.—Handel's *Solomon* was performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society on Wednesday evening week. The principal vocalists were Misses Birch, A. and M. Williams, Messrs. Lockey and Phillips. Want of space prevented a long notice from appearing in our last number. The Hall was crowded in every part. We have already recorded at length our opinion of *Solomon*. Last night the *Messiah* attracted

its customary overflow. The vocalists were Madame Caradori Allan, Miss B. Hawes, Mr. Manvers, and Mr. H. Phillips. It is needless to say how good was the performance. The *Messiah* being the masterpiece of the Sacred Harmonic Society.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—The third *soirée*, which took place on Monday week, will be noticed in our review of the fourth, which occurs on Monday next.

RACHEL.—There is no truth in the reported conversion of this queen of tragedians to the Catholic faith. She has herself written to deny it to the *Steele* newspaper.

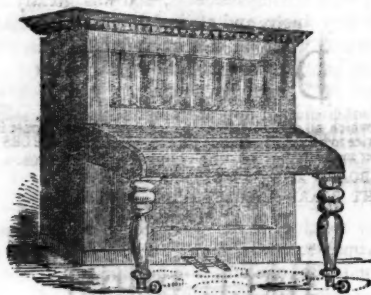
MR. W. R. BEXFIELD, Organist of Boston, has recently taken his degree as Bachelor of Music.

BRAMHAM.—Just forty years ago *The Monthly Mirror* spoke thus of our evergreen British Orpheus:—"King's Theatre, *Gli Orazzi e Curiacchi* still continues the favorite among the serious operas. The singing of *Braham* and *Grassini* is truly delightful; the science and chromatic execution of *Braham* are surprising; and it is perhaps more so to observe the effect produced by the skill of *Grassini*, whose voice has, in fact, but five notes." *Grassini*, whose acting was considered unrivalled on the Italian stage, had a salary of three thousand pounds, when she was engaged to succeed *Madame Bante*, in 1803.

SOLOMON OUTDONE.—At New Orleans, says the *Picayune*, a prisoner was tried on a charge of entering a house in the night time, and committing a robbery. He had made an opening, into which he thrust the upper part of his body; and then he clutched the articles which he coveted. His counsel contended that the prisoner did not "enter the house;" he only partly entered it. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty against the upper half of his body, and acquitted the remainder (or, as *Jonathan* would say, the "balance.") The judge then sentenced the guilty moiety of the man to a year's imprisonment; leaving it to his option to have the innocent half cut off, or take it along with him.

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Clifton, Bristol, Dec. 18, 1846.

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I cannot sufficiently thank you for the apparatus which you have been so kind as to present to me for attaching to my violin; I am unable to praise it sufficiently. In my opinion it is a most felicitous invention for violinists; and those who play in public will experience an immense advantage from its use—for by the facility which your contrivance imparts to the performer, in maintaining firm hold of his violin and regulating his movements, he must necessarily experience a relief, and free himself from that restraint which he experiences when executing difficult passages. As for myself, I am happy to tell you, that I have never ceased to use it, since you first presented it to me, and that in every respect, I have reason to be delighted with it.

Accept, sir, the assurances of my consideration,
London Nov. 23, 1846. P. SAINTON.

December, 1846.

SIR,
I have the pleasure of acquainting you, that I am entirely a partizan of the new mechanism which you have just invented, to facilitate the holding of the violin. Until now, nothing of any kind had been more simple and more conducive to the best results for all who play this noble instrument. Indeed, sir, the best compliment that I can address to you on this subject is, to tell you that my pupils and myself are all under the greatest obligation to you.

Accept, sir, my sincere regards, and believe me yours very devotedly.
A. J. TOLEBECQUE.

3, Store Street, Nov 16, 1846.

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Dear sir, faithfully yours,
T. COOKE.

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I am, dear sir, yours truly,
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I am, very truly,
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